

## THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

TOM ALLEN, Editor and Proprietor.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

The United States army is to be supplied with smokeless powder. Many of the soldier boys have already had experience with it in warm parlor engagements.

It is safe to say that the oriental jewelry counter in the California Midway will not be extensively patronized by the same persons who invested that way in Chicago.

The English parliament complains of being overworked. If the English parliament should work days and sleep nights, like the rest of the world, it would not get so tired. The English parliament is the only body of men that works nights, unless so compelled by the necessity of the case.

The charge against the Boston psychological institute of stealing a corpse will not find many believers. If the institute had an opportunity to steal a real, genuine ghost it might yield to temptation. It is not partial to soulless bodies; but it would doubtless pay well for a disembodied soul.

The criminal idiosyncrasy of parents who lock helpless children into the house while they go visiting is one of the things that the law seems powerless to reach. If the children were always burned alive, instead of occasionally escaping as they now do, the practice might eventually become unpopular.

The Metropolitan traction company of New York offers \$50,000 to any one who will invent a new motive power for street cars. Emerson advised people, a long time ago, to hitch their wagons to a star. Perhaps this motive power would work as well on a street car as on a wagon. The \$50,000 check can now be forwarded at once.

Being arrested for having caused the death of a child a Brooklyn man put forth the defense that he was a physician. This plea was not accepted, the fact developing that the claim set up was false. However, the episode would seem to indicate that the privilege of the healer to become a killer is too generally recognized for public safety.

One of those coincidences that are as mysterious as they are interesting occurred in connection with the death of John Nolan, an officer of the superior court of New York. Last Saturday he "took a notion" to make his will, and, as he was in excellent health, was chafed by friends whom he asked to witness it. It was signed and sealed that afternoon and the next day, he died of heart disease.

A PLEASING little vice-versa anecdote emerges from the classic shades of Phillips academy at Exeter, N. H. The principal wouldn't let the students go to a burlesque performance and thereupon they plastered his room among others full of the pleasing posters wherewith the attractions of the show were set forth. If Mohammed wouldn't go to the mountain, why, they just fetched the mountain to him.

YOUNG Jewell Flint of Sacramento, Cal., who shot a girl in the back because she had properly estimated him, and refused him her hand, has been allowed to plead guilty to murder in the second degree. It would be interesting to know what is considered first-degree murder up that way. Young Mr. Flint is to be felicitated. If hanged he would be unable to kill any more girls, but in prison he may live in hopes.

It is said that the great Krupp gun will carry a shot sixteen miles. The best English steel rifles carry thirteen miles, and we have several 12-inch terrors in the United States that will carry ten miles. And yet it is a fact that several valuable lives have been lost within the past two months because the best guns used at life-saving stations are not able to carry a life-line more than 600 or 700 yards. Perhaps if as much attention were paid to perfecting life-saving mortars and guns as to perfecting death-dealing ones, the world's civilization would not suffer.

PETER NEARY, of Newark, N. J., had a billy goat and a ten-dollar greenback. Billy and the bill had a meeting, and, following the fashion of the period, effected a consolidation, that is to say, the goat chewed and swallowed the banknote. This arrangement was made without Mr. Neary's consent, and he moved instantly for a dissolution of partnership by killing the goat and recovering the fragments of the bill. These were sent to the treasury, and it seems that there was enough left to identify the note, and so a few days ago Mr. Neary received a brand new \$10 note in return, and is only out to the extent of a goat.

## A MONSTER WHALE

RECENTLY WASHED SHORE ON LONG ISLAND.

Mouth Eighteen Feet High by Twelve Feet Wide—Could Gulp Down a Row Boat Full of Occupants with but Slight Effort.

THE PICTURES you see here are reproductions of photographs of the mighty big whale which was washed up on the beach down at Bridgehampton, L. I., the other day. They were taken especially for publication by Prof. W. C. Bartholdi of East Hampton, and they are exceedingly interesting. For who around these parts ever got a whale near enough to shoot a camera at him? Did anybody, anyway, ever before snap a shot at a whale, living or dead?

This particular whale was dead, of course. You know that. But he hadn't been dead long and was a capital specimen for the uses of photography. When alive he stood sixty-five and a half feet in his stockings, and he had a mouth on him that measured eighteen feet in length by twelve in width. He

could suck in a rowboat as easily as you or I suck in a mint julep through a straw. He tipped the scales, according to Capt. Jerry Ludlow, at sixty tons or thereabouts. And Capt. Jerry Ludlow, when he converses about whales, speaks as one having authority, says the New York World.

This fellow was a sulphurback. Perhaps that means nothing to you. But you know the high priced rarity conveyed in the mention of the word canvasback. Well, a sulphurback bears the same relation to the ordinary whale that a canvasback does to the ordinary duck. They are choiceful of oil.

The monster mammal you see in the pictures here when lying down dead was three feet higher than any man about him, and a good big part of him was buried in the sands like a pyramid when he posed for Prof. Bartholdi. He was such a strapping great creature in fact that a week ago, when he was first washed up by the sea, he could be seen from the neighborhood of Sag Pond, a mile away.

IN DARKEST AFRICA. The Civilizing Influences of the Iron Horse.

Major Thys, who is in charge of building the Congo railroad, sent a letter home to Brussels, a short time ago, that excited much surprise. He said that the Congo natives themselves had at last begun to show much interest in the iron highway that is building through their villages, and many of them are now employed in the work. During the two years since the building of the road began the enterprise

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Not only are the Congo natives now working for wages on the road, but, Major Thys writes, many of them who are not in the service daily visit the scene of track laying and work for hours, apparently for the fun of it.

Our picture is taken from a photograph sent to Europe by Capt. Weyns, showing a number of these natives engaged in laying track. They are in charge of a white superintendent. Major Thys says they are as easily taught how to do good work on a railroad as any black men he has ever had in his service. They have not grown weary of their new work, and the prospects are that the Congo labor problem is solved. If this experiment succeeds the company will have overcome one of its greatest difficulties. The railroad is now approaching one of the most populous districts of the lower Congo, and the company hopes to draw its working force from these villages instead of importing labor from the Guinea coast. Things have evidently moved on the Congo since Stanley labored in vain to induce these same natives to help him carry his first loads of supplies up the river, when he was on his way to Stanley Falls to found his first settlement.

NAKED IN AN OPEN BOAT.

The Terrible Experience of Three Sailors of a Wrecked Spanish Bark. Naked, famishing for food and water, and almost roasted by the tropical

sun, three Spanish sailors were recently rescued from a small boat in mid-ocean and landed at Philadelphia from the schooner Henry Lippitt. Their story rivals in horror the most thrilling recital of the dime novel writer, and that they were saved at all is considered by them as little short of a miracle.

The men are Pedro Nagoles, Antonio Crimer, and Llogio Peres, and they formed part of the crew of the Spanish bark Juan J. Murga, which, on Sept. 1, sailed from Mobile with a cargo of staves for Seville, Spain. The men were picked up in latitude 30.36, longitude 76.05, the small boat in which they were drifting helplessly having been sighted by the merest accident. The schooner Henry Lippitt was bound for this port from Turk's Island, and the tiny boat was at first supposed to be a bit of wreckage. The lookout, however, thought he saw signs of life, and the vessel was put about and soon came alongside of the open boat. Then it was seen to contain three occupants. All were lying face downward in the bottom. They were entirely naked, and great sun blisters covered their backs.

Tenderly they were lifted to the schooner's deck, but though they could speak no English their cries for food and water were pitiful in the extreme. They were delirious, and when they realized that they were safe began to dance and sing and hug and kiss the brawny sailors who had rescued them. They were nursed like babies until out of danger, and it was several days before they recovered from the awful experience they had endured.

Finally they were able to tell that they had sailed from Mobile under Capt. Linares, in time to catch the early October hurricane. Their vessel was soon thrown on her beam ends and became a hopeless wreck. All hands took to the boats, having time only to save a scant supply of food and water. The sea was running high; the small boats were leaky, and the men realized that they could hardly live through the storm. All removed their clothing in order to be able to swim for the wreckage of the bark should the boat capsize. The three men rescued were once compelled to swim while they righted the boat, and they managed to live till the Lippitt hove in sight.

The Juan J. Murga had a crew of nineteen men. Four were picked up by the steamer Lampasas and landed at Galveston. They were also naked and famishing. Nothing has been heard of the other twelve, and they are probably lost. The three landed here will be cared for by the Spanish consul and sent home as soon as possible. Yesterday they joined in a card of thanks to Capt. Benjamin Howes of the schooner that rescued them. Both captain and crew are warmly praised for their kind and humane treatment of the men who passed through such an awful experience.

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## ARE HARD FIGHTERS

MATABELE WARRIORS KNOW NO FEAR.

And Fall Before the Cruel War Implements of the British While Hoping for Victory—Something About the Savages Now at War.

URING THE ZULU war an American explorer gathered some interesting sketches among the Matabeles. The pictures of Matabeles that are printed here show types of a people whom the Zulus regard as degenerate because the Zulu blood of the Matabeles has been so largely mixed with that of tribes living far north of Zulu Land.

Intermarriage with the mild and timid Mashona women and other slaves began to undermine the Matabele Zulu stock over a half century ago. Still the men do not seem to have grown less warlike. Even if their mothers

were taken from tribes that dread war, the boys were taught from infancy to regard war as their trade and cowardice as a crime. The sons of Mashona mothers have stood up in the present war, to be shot down by the improved guns of their white enemies, as the Mashonas themselves never would have done.

The Matabele warrior, shown here, is a fine specimen of physical manhood. On one arm is his bull-hile shield, on which he catches, unharmed, the assegais or arrows of his enemies. In one hand he grasps two assegais, the weapon which the Zulus have made so terribly effective at short range. In the other hand he holds a sort of knoberry. It is a stone fastened securely to a handle. This rude weapon figures prominently in Matabele warfare. It is used both as a throwing and a striking weapon, and many a skull has been cracked by it. One of the cable dispatches the other day mentioned it as figuring in the present war.

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MATABELE WOMEN.

Another picture shows the Matabele sorcerers or medicine men, a class of impostors who have great influence in Matabele land. Even the intelligent old king always consults the medicine men when he engages in important enterprises. It has hitherto been perfectly safe to proclaim success for the Matabeles when they went on the war path, and we may be sure that before the Matabeles had the temerity to force a war upon the whites, a little while ago, the medicine men had consulted their infallible omens and solemnly assured the king that he would wipe the hated British off the face of the earth.

The women in Matabele land who are thought to be handsomest are those who are fattest. The wives of the king and chief men are fed and cared for with a particular view to rapid increase in adiposity.

In their own country the Matabele men will not work because of their military training and the dread of losing prestige in the eyes of their Mashona slaves and "dogs," but in the mines of Johannesburg and Kimberly, far removed from the influences which prevail at home, they have made the very best workmen.

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## PAULINO PALLAS.

The Man Who Tried to Assassinate a Spanish General.

The world was astounded Sept. 12 last at the news that a daring attempt had been made on the life of Marshal de Campos while reviewing the troops at Barcelona. The assassin was Paulino Pallas, who paid the penalty of his crime a few days ago. He was executed with his back to the firing party. Pallas seems to have been a peculiar individual. He was a quiet young man, of the blonde type, about thirty years of age, married and the father of three children. He was born at Cambrils, in the province of Tarragona. Some years ago he emigrated to Argentina, then went to Brazil. He returned to Spain and settled down in Barcelona at the hosiery business, working at home.

After close investigation by the police, it seems that Pallas was not affiliated with any anarchist or revolutionary society. He was always very reserved, seldom visited anybody and had no callers. He was undoubtedly a fanatic. He displayed remarkable calmness from the moment of his arrest till his death, but always aired his ultra-socialistic theories and regretted he did not kill the marshal. The day of his attempt he left home, telling his wife he would not return till evening. He took dinner in a wine shop in a low quarter of the town. Then he went to Mount Montjuich, where his bombs were concealed among the rocks, came back to the town, took a position near the troops and hurled his bombs at Marshal de Campos while the soldiers were passing the veteran commander. He was seized and confessed that he was the culprit. Gen. Costellri was wounded and a civil guard mortally injured. A number of spectators were more or less hurt by flying fragments of the projectiles.

Dr. Holmes on Realism.

Dr. Holmes expressed his opinion of realism in an interview with a traveling Englishman the other day. "Realism," he said, "there always has been and always must be. Defoe was realistic. The question is how far to carry realism, what kind of realism it is. I am no authority on the subject at all, but I suppose realism might be described as a going into detail. So long as the detail is what we ought to know, what it is good and beneficial to know, where's the harm?"

On the contrary, it is desirable. But ultra-realism tells us things we don't desire to know, things which should not be raked under our eyes. If a man goes and fishes out all the contents of the drains he is a disagreeable fellow. I would have none of him. It seems to me that the development of photography is largely accountable for the development of realism—the modern realism. You see, if a man wanted to be exceedingly realistic in olden days, to go into large detail, he had to make much trouble for himself. He could not write detail without examination; he had to go here and there to examine his subjects.

To-day the photograph brings the fullest details imaginable on to the very desk of a writer. He has merely to look and dip his pen, no matter what the subject—a sewer or the laundry basket, if you like. It is realism made easy. What's easy becomes ultra. Like everything else it will work itself out—the ultra portion, I mean. After a time people get tired of anything.

What the Lark Sings.

Though it is while soaring in the upper air that the lark sings oftenest and best—"at heaven's gate," as Shakespeare says—he will occasionally sing on the ground, on a tree-top, or even when perched upon a telegraph pole.

It is perhaps unfair to translate his sweet song into words, but according to Mr. W. J. Gordon, it has been expressed in syllables thus—"cherry do, cherry do, pretty joey, pretty joey, pretty joey, white hat, white hat, pretty joey." He declares that an authority on birds—a Scotchman, of course—likened it to the music of the bagpipe—heard at a distance.

Another Scotchman rendered the song in these words: "Up in the lift (sky) go we, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee! There's no' a cobbler on the earth can make a shoe to me, to me! Whyso? Whyso? Whyso? Because my heel is as long as my toe!"

How a Dog Helped Sentries.

Some of the dogs that have taken up their quarters with various regiments in the British army have shown as great a degree of intelligence as any dog brought up in the midst of more peaceful surroundings.

During the Crimean war, for example, there was a dog that went the round of the sentries every night. If it found a man asleep at his post, it waited beside him, and, on the approach of danger or of something that warranted looking into, instantly aroused him. If the sentinel was awake, however, the wise creature passed on to the next, until it had completed the circle of its visits.